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1922



PINE CONES



CACTUS BLOOMS





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1922

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PINE CONES AND CACTUS BLOOMS



A Volume
of Original Verse
Composed by
OSTORIUS GIBSON

Crane & Co., Topeka, Kans.

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*Affectionately dedicated
to the memory of my dear mother,*
MARY ELIZABETH ASHER-GIBSON,
*who implanted, and nourished
within me, a desire to learn.*

PREFACE

This is my first attempt at publication.

No one has seen or heard any of the matter herein contained, except three poems which have been published, or circulated privately, so I must take full responsibility.

I am conscious of many defects in the work. If what has been written brings as much pleasure to those who read it, as it has brought to me in the preparation of it, I shall have my reward.

Part of the work was done amid the pines at, and near, Flagstaff, and the remainder in southern Arizona, whence the title.

I am indebted to Mrs. Ella H. Estill of Tucson, Arizona, for the attractive cover design. She has faithfully represented the emblems chosen for the title.

OSTORIUS GIBSON.

Tombstone, Arizona,
May 23, 1922.

A CITY AMONG THE PINES

You are, nestling in your couch so high,
First favorite of the hosts of sky,
As an infant in her mother's eye.

Amid your scenes so fair and wild,
Was I nurtured when a little child,
And my soul to poesy was beguiled.

Whether tempests rave, or zephyrs laugh,
Your patriot soul soars above the raff,
And sets up Old Glory's proud Flagstaff.

Winter's snows cover your fair face,
Softening all lines to a tender grace,
As does a woman's charms, her silks and lace.

The resinous airs from your pines give health,
Your ranges and forests abundant wealth.
High resolves from high plains creep in by stealth.

SYMPATHY

I read a tale of love
So sweet, so heavenly,
Every tender heart string seemed to move
In joyful sympathy.

Then came the tear-dimmed parting
By cruelty of men,
Every chord of being hurting
By such a sight of pain.

It is the very life of hearts which know
The power of love,
To share another's joy, and in another's woe
Help to give.

MULTUM IN PARVO

A star shines as brightly in a tiny pool,
As it does in heaven's azure dome;
So God dwells as truly in a humble soul
As he does in his fair, celestial home.

OBSERVED

The field grass, with its drooping blades,
On sands traces geometric lines.
The busy wasp bores his funnel in the dust.
Common weeds are a pigmy forest.
A rose bush hangs over my path
As though it wished to greet me.
Prairie dogs set sentinels to watch me.
A level field runs up to the mountain base.
I see a cleft in the forest trees,
As though for a long way
They are ranged along an aisle,
Narrow, and sloping away
At a gentle angle, which, looking through
To the mountains, much resembles
A narrow gorge, or canon pass.
The mountains are surrounded
By a deep, soft, pink mist,
Which makes them appear to be
Faintly illumined from an inner light.
A soft sheen, like liquid light,
Goes racing o'er the waving grass.

THE CORN SHIP

[During a famine in India the farmers of America gave a ship load of corn to feed the hungry. The following lines were written on the sailing of the ship, and appeared in the California Christian Advocate. They are apropos to the present, for American farmers are asked to give 5,000,000 bushels of wheat to help Armenia.]

Sail on! O white-winged bird!
My ardent thought would transform thee
To a beautiful gold-winged seraph
Bearing the life of thy heart throb
For others' nourishing, were it not
More blesséd to remember
That thou are steel;
Obeying but the will of men,
Bearing but the gifts of men,
To feed the wasted bodies
Of the millions of their brothers.

On, on, we ever speed
On wings of thought
In quest of God;
But thus are we ever taught of Him,
That in the earth we walk on,
The men, the things we see,
And feel, and give, doth He abide,
And not more in remote elysium.

Blest Triumph!
Yet thou art more than triumph.
Thine achievement is a-past
The little range of our philosophy.
We stand in happy humbleness,
And bow with more than reverence
Of common thought, as thou dost pass,
As we mutely stand abashed
Before God's mighty works in nature.

Blest deed!
Yet thou art more than deed.
A sublime exaggeration
Of our common doing
Doth cling about thee.
Yet thou hadst thy beginning
In the thought of humble man;
And thy doing was as great
As other victories of earth.

Blest mission!
Yet thine is more than mission.
Thy hold is bursting with the fruitage;
For love no longer bound is
By the tide marks of the nations,
But has passed all coasts.
Thou art floating on its water;
And we hear no strained, uncertain song
Borne to our ears by imagery;
But as the deep, rich tones of ocean's tides
Are set to cadence by the winds
In a mighty rhapsody,
So the song of humanity,
God inspired, envelopes us
With its symphony.

And, as the press upon the lips
Of the warm kiss of affection
Assures that a loved one
Whose absence we have grieved,
Is with us in that nearness
Which is more than all the mind creates,
So in thee, our and our brothers' hearts
Are met, touch to touch,
In the warmth of a living love.

ERRANTRY

Like an errant bird
My heart has flown,
Far through the world
Hath its flight gone.

Lured by its sunshine,
And rich fruited lands,
Lost in its wideness,
Blown by its winds.

INNOCENCE

I saw them at their happy play
Upon the warm and shining sands;
With baréd feet and busy hands,
Abuilding cities all the day,

A rosy girl, and chubby boy.
Their simple dress was worn so sparse
(A child's delight in summer) that scarce
Denied me was the sensuous joy

Of viewing the graces of their forms;
But if an evil thought upwelled,
Within my heart, with shame 'twas quelled
By prayer—a thought that never harms.

So innocent of guile were they,
Sweet types to me they seemed
Of fair creation's morn. I dreamed
A world as free of taint as they.

Why may not be such purity
(Men but flaunt with evil thought,
And with an evil will are sought,
The carnal lusts,) since Christ is surety?

A MAGDALEN

Her heart seemed ever warmer,
Her charity ever wider,
Her hand seemed ever kinder
In oft bestowing. For
No state or experience exists
That doth not teach its own
Peculiar lesson.

Chide her not that she doth often think
With tears, of those, her fellows
In her sin; that they do seem so dear
To her e'en now; for there is
A twining silken cord which binds
Our human hearts together,
Near and fatal; and if one be
Raised above the state of others,
'Tis but draped in graceful lines
To others still below; and its fiber
Tighter drawn, more vibrant is
To the tender touch of sympathy.

And intimacy hath a tender charm,
Forever holding those to be
Much nearer in all life's changes
Who have enjoyed its privilege;
And she hath found in them
Love, sympathy, tenderness and beauty,
And shall she not in memory be bound?

TEASING

They walk together. He is thoughtful,
abstracted.

She is smiling and mirthful, and
presently sings:

“Down in the barley corn
Are the reapers grown o’er;
And a drowsy air is worn
By bird and tree, and flower and fern.
Thy love is drowsy, too, my dear.”

THREE SEASONS

I

They walk along the meadow path,
’Mid sweetest, blowing airs of spring,
A joyous poet close his sweetheart hath,
And this the burden which they sing:
“Life is waking, love is waking,”
(Blithe and sweet their happy song.)
“The rosy light of bliss is breaking,
Dull winged care its flight is taking,
And our hearts sing ’tis flown for long.”

II.

In harvest’s happy fields is he,
With sturdy strength, abinding up the sheaves.
In a cosy, children blessed home is she,
And in her heart a song its happy cadence weaves:
“The field has ripened, ripened is love.
Our bliss is a measure heaped full and to spare,

With comforts to bless us, with children to love.
A life in maturity. The pleasures we have,
Are sweeten'd by return of flight wearied care."

III.

They sit by the grate as winter howls wild.
No task have they now with its precious soul freight,
No burden to weight them, no care, and no child,
By song and by praise the hours are beguiled:
"The barns are filled, our love is full,
And stored against want are the bins.
Yea, stored is our harvest in yon golden hill
Where manna of heaven our hunger shall still.
Our life soon is ended. Our life soon begins."

CONTROL

The tempter said:
"Thy powers are dead;
Nor shall awake
To joy or ache;
Nor answer still
To warmth or chill."

But wisdom read
His plan, and said:
"'Tis false, I trow;
For we can know
By a higher power,
Whence, as from battled tower
Men may look down
On a sleeping town,
And know there live

The men who give
It being, and form,
Who will wake at morn;
Or like the pure and brave
Who, beyond the grave,
And its treacherous dark,
Can see embark
The thing of life,
No more the wife
Of dullard flesh,—
A treach'rous mesh."
But by such guile
He sought the while,
To tempt me on
His will to own;
To stir my sense
In ignorance,
As foeman rise
With swift surprise
From hiding, then
One's strength o'erween,
And sink his soul

In corruption foul.
But since do live
The powers which give
Me being, and form,
I seek that art
Which rules the heart,
That I may rest
When e'er 'tis best,
Or cause to flow
With richest glow,
My every power,
In a chosen hour.

GRACE

[Respectfully dedicated to the memory of Charles Nelson Crittenton,
founder of the Crittenton Homes.]

Did you seek the place of worship on the holy Sabbath
morn
In the lovely town of F——, where my story sad was
born,
Some kindly hand would point you to a quaint but charm-
ing pile,
Standing 'midst the clustered houses, which reposed like
pleasing smile
Upon a countenance of beauty, or of our mother earth,
Clinging round it like her children, round a mother, in
their mirth.
For so the house of God doth nourish, like a mother at her
breast,
All of good to any people, most of happiness and rest.
Its form and all the graving were of beauty high and
rare;
Not pretentious, nor antique, but simple, like a strong and
moving prayer.
It was a gift a loving people lovingly had made
To God; and like a child of love the parent features were
portrayed,
Speaking most of simple wisdom and devotion of the heart,
As is found in most profusion far from crowded street and
mart.
Did you enter in, a gracious air surrounded you, and made
you feel at ease.
The courtesy of hearts of love, and fellowship, gently
strove to please
In their Master's name the stranger in the midst, and send
him forth
Happier and holier, by breathing air of heaven 'mid the
baser air of earth.

The worship was most helpful, like manna fall'n from God;
Made strong the fainting soul, so with preparation shod
Each listener prepared might be for coming weekly toil.
The pastor spoke old wisdom, good seed in kindly soil,
Which bore fruit like that which clothes the earth with
beauty, food and life.

It was not so much his wisdom filled our souls with glory
rife,

As that all had come to worship, and the Master met us
there.

Worship is like mountain climbing, and thought, and song,
and prayer,

(The trusted things of soul), the guides which go before
and fix

Stay ropes fast, and cut in the cliffs safe niches

Where our feet securely rest, that we may upward mount.

I pity unbelieving souls, traveling like paths, who count

Not the worth of these; but fall, are bruised, and may not
pass

To greatest heights; but them inaccessible must class.

In the choir there stood a fair, chaste, young girl,

Or woman. E'en the tints of passion, like the tints of
pearl,

Did but set out her purity. Beside stronger forms of men

She stood the sweet, ideal of women, men love and win,

(Too often to destroy by cruelty begot of baseness not akin
To their finer souls.) Rapturous had been

Her child and maiden years. Life was love. Nor seen

Had she, much of wrong or sorrow. Her soul a gallery was
Set round with images of beauty grouped in fairest pose.

Her eyes were large, and lustrous, soft shimmering lakes
Of chocolate, whose opal tints glowed and waned, as sleeps
and wakes

The ember. They spoke to you of confidence, seemed to
give

Her soul to you as though only hers in trust, as her hand
alms did give.

Life was a dream. It awakened voiceless sympathies, un-
defined emotions,
As are inspired by forms and tints in clouds 'mid trans-
forming motions.

It was happiness, love and melody. She could but speak
Her thought in sweet, unbroken flow of music. Each week
Her song echoed in the heart, and cheered the way
Of burdened toilers. She looked for happiness as for re-
turning day.

She loved a woman's place, and all her heart
Yearned forward to sweetest joy, most sacred state, a
wife's part.

In the self same town a man there was
Tall, young, handsome, who wooed, won her love; and those
Who knew them both spake kindly of them,
And consented he was happiest of men.
He won her heart, and asked her hand, and both she
sweetly gave.

Then troth was sealed, as troth should be, by sacred kiss
of love.

He asked consent of father, mother. Both loved their child,
The best of both their souls in unity. By query mild,
And loving, both sought her happiness. They talked,
prayed, wept,

And talked all o'er again till late before they slept.
Then sadly gave consent. But father doubted, mother
feared.

It had not seemed to father's eyes (within his heart) John
cared

As much for things of God, or was as kind as he should be;
And mother knew not why, but kept not back the tears
when he

Was thought of as the husband of her child. But still
They hoped and prayed for best, and blessed them with
good will

And sped them on to all the bliss they prayed for them.
Grace was only happy, only loved him
With all her heart, which never knew mistrust,
And deemed she received as she had given, faith the truest.
With auspices all fair their wedding day drew on,
And passed. Scarcely were words of gratulation said, till
they were gone

To distant city to make the sweet beginning their parents
made,

Each pair must make, so like a birth of being. Nor had
stayed

In their new home long, and scarce tasted of its bliss,
When he became unkind, and of her beauty jealous.

Unkindness fell as a stinging blow upon her tender nature,
and

Frantic, dazed, thinking the fault her own, plann'd
Tremblingly to cure it. Her much concern did seem
To make her foolish, and overdo. He did deem
Her much concern but childish weakness, and farther grew
From her; and when she came with pleading looks, dew
Of sorrow, disheartenment, moist upon her lashes, to ask
His kiss, he would coldly spurn her, nor mask
His cruel thoughts, which plainly spoke suspicion. Fell
Many months dragged on; but the listener be spared the ill
We fain had spared to her. There came a babe, sweet faced,
Fair as her mother. She forgot her sorrow for a while, and
placed

The child in the father's arms, losing self, and said
"I can be happy if he kindly treats my child." She laid
Her on her bosom, and it seemed she had been born out
there,

For her pain was gone a while through happiness; but
care,

Like a cruel rival, returned to crush the heart he might not
claim.

The man would seem to love the child, and Grace's love for
him

Awoke, as a suff'rer wakes from a happy dream, to pain.

His cruel way he held until, at last to gain

Surcease, they thought to part. She consented, for she
knew

Nought else to do; knew not why she should do that; but
grew

To think that it was best if he desired it. All seemed
Dark to her. She questioned if her innocence and love,
deemed

So divine, were more than error and stupidity. Was then
The beauty love had seen in him mere glamour? Were all
men

Heartless, cold, unjust as he? These, her questions, were
Unanswered, as were many things she asked of life. For
her

But two things seemed to live: Her love for her babe, and
pain

Of her love for him. A purpose dumb, chaotic filled her:
To gain

A living for herself and child, and in a strange land
Seek to be forgotten. She would go farther west, and find
Her desire amid its busy enterprises. He wished to know
The way she traveled, with seeming good intent to show
Her any kindness that he could. Without thought of dark
design

She told him, and made ready for her journey. On the
train

He traveled with her. Many hours passed and she
Was faint from hunger and fatigue. He came to see

If he, in any way, could be of service to her, and said
"You must be hungry, should get your dinner," and plead
That he might keep the child and luggage meanwhile. She
yielded

To his kindness, as she thought, thanked him that he
shielded

Her child and stuff, and went out. Scarce had she gone
When her husband conveyed away the baby on a wagon
He had waiting. He took the little money she had brought.
When she returned the train was moving. She thought
As they were not there, they had only gone a moment. Then
A lady asked her if she sought the man and child. And
when

She answered such the truth was, the lady told her straight
She saw them leave, and join one who seemed to wait.
She heard no more. Confusion filled her mind.

"Have I a child? a husband?" Then stared vacantly, could
find

No speech, only hysteric laugh. "No, it is all a joke—
nothing is real

I am speeding into space—all is delusion—I cannot feel."

She wakened to half consciousness when

Her terminus was reached, and then

Something of the truth seemed dawning. She told

The conductor, but he gravely shook his head, laid hold

Of her remaining baggage, helped her down, and hurried on,

With the forced air of one who would escape a bore. Down

The streets she went, seeing no familiar face,

Knowing not her way, alone, penniless, and no place

To go. One thought clung to her fevered brain, like a ghost:

She must find her babe. She told of her lost

Child, perhaps not wisely, to any who would hear.

Some believed her not. Others touched were by the sob,
the tear

With which she interspersed her tale; but said they had
not time,

Or turned away to more pleasant thoughts. Crime
Though it was, some turned away and laughed. On
She wandered, rending wide her heart as one
Afflicted in the Orient rends his garments. It was
As if she forgot God, nor asked his help, so much does
Love, unstrengthened by reason's sterner thought
But simply trust. Safe with God, it is blind, when sore
fraught

With trouble, in a world of sinning men, who do
Despite God's purpose, and sorely wound his own. Flew
On her tireless feet until she found a man, who,
Would help her trace her husband, and get her baby too,
If that were possible. Thank God if you possess a heart
That can listen to the simplest tale of sorrow. A part
It is, of our humanity, to help; and help
May, in an important sense, come from no other source.

Help

He gave her, and they found the husband. But he said
She could not have the child, heaped abuse on her bowed
head;

Called her worthless, faithless, unworthy of her child;
And sent her heart away as empty as her arms. Mild
Words are, to picture her bereavement. She was
Completely broken, wandered out; and her senses now re-
turned as

Though fell spirits kept her hoodwinked till they led her
To a hell of sorest torment, then took the blind away.

Where

Could she go? Friendless, penniless, she had not courage,
or desire

To preserve her life. When night came, the cheering fire
Kindled on many a hearth; but neither heart nor hearth
Glowed warm for her. Night's mantle enwrapped the earth

Like Perseus' magic cloak, and hid her from all gaze.
And she was glad. In a park with the blaze
Of distant city lights unpenetrated, sick, worn out,
By all her toil, sorrow, misery and doubt,
Seeking a place of rest, she crept beneath a bench,
For concealment. She awoke at morn, did wrench
Her limbs to break their stiffness, crept forth, fearing lest
Some officer, pursuing duty, might see her, and arrest
Her for a vagrant. Two nights she spent thus. Then pangs
Of hunger did somewhat blunt the pitiless fangs
Of the writhing serpent which was stinging deep
Her heart. With strength and courage somewhat which
doth leap

Up in the beast of prey when he sights his quarry, she
Issued forth to ask some fellow man that he
Would give food; or if some sister would a morsel give,
And not be poorer by it. It doth grieve
The heart at the answers: "Be gone you sloven thing."
"Go and seek some work to do." "Nothing for you." The
ring

Of cruel, low suspicion spoke in every voice,
And reached her heart. What had she done? No choice,
No power had she to stay her fate. She turned away.
A new sorrow consumed her hunger. Through the day
She wandered. None spoke kindly, inquired, nor gave
Her food. At last a man passed where she walked.
He was alone, handsome, well dressed. He saw none talked
To her. Seeing well her face she mostly strove
To hide, he saw her beauty weeping but enheighbened. Love
With sweet, soft lines had touched her countenance, with
brush

In strokes dainty and rich, yet delicate, transfused in blush
Of tender'st colors. Marking her symmetry, in his eyes
There played a half awful, half enchanting light of passion.

Cries

There an infant in the world, or man or beast, and does
Not the mother hear it, and answer to its woes?
But our religion, which all confess should glow
With warmth of human love divine, doth grow
Too cold and formal. As the stranger marked her
And coming closer, she, with an instinct of her nature
Looked into his eyes, so as to bear to his inmost heart
The tender waves of a soul's appeal, like string of harp
Vibrant loud within. Fled evil motive as much as may be
From a heart where God doth not abide; and straight he
Went to her, the warmth of kindly impulse welling
Up in all his being; and as such souls may feel, feeling
For her. She simply said she needed food and rest.
He gave her means to purchase these, and quickly passed
His way, his breast now filled with wild, romantic fancies,
The thought
Of her possessed him; for so it is with passionate souls
untaught
In constancy, and high control, that currents of the soul
Set with hot vehemence toward each new attraction, with
whole
Power, whole desire, like breakers of the sea
Which race before each changing wind. She
Took his gift, scarce understanding, nor with enough
Of native gratefulness awake to thank him! 'Twas enough
To him that she accepted it. Her mind was numb,
And she moved by mechanic impulses, dumb
To her reason—impelled by carnal powers. Now we
Pass her story over until we see
Her when she may guide the course,
Add a link, to our chain of discourse.

In her benefactor's heart, with speeding headway, did gain
love, we call it,

Which glowed with fervent ardor. Love or passion was it?
If passion only it was as pure as much of what in earth
Bears name of love. 'Twas not such love as finds a joy,
 not dearth,
In sacrifice; but a kind impatient of restraint,
Finding its goal in sensuous accomplishment; holding with
 faint
Desire, eternal values by the side of carnal. But O
Warm was it. It tuned his voice with richer tones to
Plead his cause; and set his pulses throbbing in such
 fashion
There flowed thereout a strange, magnetic power to re-
 sponsive passion.
Her heart was changed. She looked on him with vassal eyes.
Would gladly kiss the hand that fed her. To rise
There seemed an admiration, ere now unknown to her.
Sense was alive, and things of sense seemed only real. More
Did seem to grow this bias, until she fell. They fell.
Both weak, both erring, both sinning. To tell
The story further is not proper to pure minds.
But in any fall, charity its privilege finds.

She had sinned. Now the truth came flooding in.
Passion, sense, desire by pyrotechnic glow, obscure or dim
The greater light of reason and of right, until
Passion spent, the fires died out, light flowing in doth fill
The soul with a painful brightness, like glaring light
Thrown suddenly upon eyes accustomed to the night.
Her heart awoke. Those pure and tender instincts
Of womanhood revived; but sin had led her to the precincts
Of the fallen; and native sense of honor made her feel her
 place.
She said "I am one of them." "Nor shall any know my face
'Mid the circles of the pure." She thought of her child.
O what had she done? It seemed to her fancies wild

As though disaster awaited her on every side;
That consequences loomed and multiplied, as they did hide
Themselves, their warning, till she fell, then rose up
To gloat, and torture her. She felt her cup
Of sorrow to brim was filled. Should she see her child
again?

All through her night of woe, ere this, spite of pain
Hope had lived; and though unknown, like a loving friend
In time of sad bereavement, did strive to mend
Many broken heart strings. Now that, too, was gone.
She felt severed there had been a stay which fixed her soul
on

God, and she was sinking, sinking. Distracted with terror
she

Overwrought her nerves, and slept at last exhausted. The
Warmth of the genial sun awakened her
To sense of earth life, of substance. Her
Room was pleasant, with comforts her spirits sore beguiled.
She felt helpless, longed for any sympathy of man or child
Which heart hungering appeased. Her benefactor came
And a woman of his kind. Their hearts felt for her. No
blame

They thrust her with, but wept with her, and more rebelled
Against the rigid code which ever distant held
Them from society, as they did interpret it, and see
It most interpreted. Then to share their fellowship was
she

Constrained, and not to spend her life in quest of what did
torture only,

And deprive of all the sweetest things of life. Lonely
Past all bearing, she went with them. With divided vision
they

Persuaded were that they were right; that the play
Of humanity was paramount to the truth of God.

She went among them, lived their life-dizzy, many colored.

Had

She love of music? Here she found congenial sympathy;
for sense doth seem

The warmth, energy and melody of music to control. I
ween

That among the fallen, where passion, sense, the liquid life
Most flows, is heard the warmest, sweetest music, rife
With all that stirs and compels, as though it breathed the
power

Of fabled, sister Sirens, who wooed but to death. The happy
hour

Would she beguile, she found these men and women too
Of most congenial kind, held by no vexatious rule, who
Squandered freely gold and spirit. All
Was sacrificed to pleasure. Still to each would come the
call

At times, of conscience, a tender pleading and
Chiding of the love of God; but sweets of sense, warm em-
brace, press of hand

Ruled there, more than those, and so she drifted
Swiftly on. Sometime thought of mother, father lifted
Off the heart its veil. These were put away with tears
And bitten lips, resolving they should never know. Fears
Oft seized her soul, vague as frights in childhood.

What strange mingling of highest honor, basest shame,
that would

Make our fallen natures hug its shame, and die to save a
loved one

The disgrace of knowing, when their hearts would run
Their deepest currents in the soil to help us. A while
'Mid her absorbing grief she had forgotten father, mo-
ther.' Now guile

Would argue that she should only love and shield them

From the shame her life had brought them. They heard
when
She left her home, but never since, so to each other said
Sadly, "It must be our beloved child is dead."
She let them nurse this lesser grief. A wisdom grew
Of men, a self command, a mind to judge right from
wrong. Drew
On time when she half happy was, half miserable. First
Favorite, she was. Her heart half justified her, for love
like thirst
Of drunkard, led her on. It seemed but half sin. And yet
Her better part ne'er sanctioned, nor allowed her to forget.
A part she played, and those whom she embraced—
'Twas part in pity, part in love, part in desperation.
Braced
Her soul seemed 'gainst right for a while. Then truth,
purity
Learned in childhood at mother's knee, like surety
Against her loss, came creeping in; as in after years
Smiles from childhood, its hopes and tears,
The incense breathed, the bird song heard and stored
Within the soul, are brought forth from the hoard,
Like honey from the cliffs, to sweeten all our lives.
Her heart returned to God (as a halting sufferer strives
To walk) by faith, and awakened reason. She sought
kindly,
Diligently, some way of escape. Became more kind, not
blindly,
But awakening to their mutual error. She shared her
purse
With needy ones. Talked with her sisters, and the curse
Of sin weighed upon them as on herself. Oft found
Another's story sad as her own. Learned they were bound
To their wayward life, but gladly would leave it.

How should they? The world gave them a place. Escape
it

They could not. True, many men who came
Among them, returned to homes of purity. To them
Were opened wide the doors of social life; but these
Were kept without the walls as lepers. Ways
Were stoutly closed against them. They must within their
place,
Till disease consumed them, or death had cured all their
disgrace.

* * * * *

A father called of God to be a pastor, oft was told
To go out in the world, where flocks were scattered, and
in fold

To gather straying ones. He heeded not
God's call, thinking he was weak for such a work. He
thought

He could better serve a parish. He a daughter had,
A sweet faced, angel child. (God took her for he said
"E'en now she is worthy.") The father crushed was,
And pondered much why his child had died. "Has
God taken her that I may fuller see his way?"
He bore his loss in meekness, and his heart more tender
grew. Day

By day thought, until his father heart bereft took in
As his, the children of the world. To begin
He had large means, which he would use for God and good.
Through the land he went bearing help. None would
Ask his help, allow it, and go away uncomforted. He
Felt a special mission to outcast women. "She,"
He thought, "Up there, is more than life to me. Are
these loved less?"

So he builded homes, and strove to cure their shame.
Stress

Of cruel criticism was great, but he braved it. His reward

No man can count. God reserves that labor. But accord
To him praise, full measure, in emotion and in word.

* * * * *

This good man came to the city where Grace was.
As fallen women to the Saviour came, thus
Came she and others. They were taken to a "Home."
A home it was, a refuge, where they had a welcome. Some
Employment was given them. The routine of the home
they did,
And felt the sweet power of christian sympathy, which fed
The heart with sweet morsels, and left no bitterness;
which
Gave more than human sympathy could give, and left them
rich.
For they paid not the price of virtue for it. It asks no
price
But what enriches more in paying—to live purely. Entice
Them not again. With constant love, and patient care
The matrons sought their good; and by counsel and by
prayer
To restore these wayward daughters to hearts that ached
for them.
With a courage born of noble purpose, most resisted firm
All efforts to discover their identity. Oft with rarest tact
Some word, some name, some incident was seized which
tracked
Their course. Grace asked the matron that she might
Wash the supper dishes all alone. Night
Was drawing on, all was hushed. E'en the busy birds
Employed to furnish music, rested with the plowman.
Herds
Sated with the fragrant grass, chewed the cud.
As in the kitchen Grace was busied, each task would
Stir some memory. The quiet of the evening hour,
The fragrant breeze seemed very memories. Their power

Awoke a flood of feeling, filled her heart, and song
Could only speak the language of the soul; and among
The hush and incense of the evening uprose the offering
of her heart:

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

Apart

From the kitchen door the matron listened, enwrapped,
held bound;

For never had she heard deep mysteries of life so speak
in sound.

Straightway then the matron told the good man
We have spoken of, about the music she had heard. Then
Was impressed the man with Grace's gentility, said that
he

Would have her sing for him, hoping it might be
He could learn her story. So later he asked the pleasure
That he might hear her sing the selfsame song. The
measure

Of her gratitude to him spoke in eyes and countenance;
but she

Simply said: “O I cannot. It would kill me.”

He kindly spoke his disappointment. Many days
Went by. Perchance her heart is gaining. Perchance
strays

Again to her father's house the memory of a prodigal.
She longed

To have her story known, or could no more conceal it.
Thronged

The thoughts of home until she spoke them out unthought.
She spoke a name which by a listening ear was caught,
And she confessed he was her brother. Straightway there
went

Two letters penned in sweet, endearing words, sent
One to father, one to brother. Hard was it to trace them
out,

For there were many of that name. Soon the letters bro't
Glad answers. The brother wrote "Buy what she needs
And send her here to me." The father wrote such words
as feeds

Soarest hungering, too sacred for a stranger's eye.
Her hardest burden was to bear their forgiving love. "Let
me die

Now, and no more see them till we meet where I am pure."
She wrote "I am unworthy. You would not know me now.
To cure

The scars of sin e'en Jesus' love does not suffice. I cannot."

Father answered "Past eighty am I my child, and should
not

You consent to come, then I will come to you.

I am feeble, too, and may not bear the journey's toil; but
do

You still refuse, yet I will come." She read his words
And no spirit was left within her to deny him. Chords
Of pride were severed, and she went. Many miles
Before she reached home, an aged man came down the
aisles

Of the speeding train in search of his darling child.

He tottered, half from motion of the train. half from palsy
mild

Which comes with age, a sign earth its hold is losing,
And heaven's winds are swaying him, waiting God's choosing

To waft him home. He passed where his daughter sat
And looked at her, and she at him. Timidity held her
back. At

Last a word escaped her heart and struggled to her lips,
Like a captive, freed, rushing forth to meet a loved one.
Sips

A god of classic time a nectar half so sweet, as holds

That dear word "Father?" Hearing it he clasped her, as
folds

God to his heart a sinner, enwrapping him from all
His guilt. And thus they sat a long time silently, in thrall
Too sweet, too sacred and too heavenly
For utterance in words. Forgetting love walked so evenly
Above all common differences of life, that all
Of past, of ill, was now forgotten. And the old parental
hall

Seemed to speak a welcome. We will not look on
As mother and daughter meet. Leave them there alone,
To those deep, sweet feelings women feel, and only feel,
Not speak. Mother was now blind. See her child steal
Humbly to her, to ask her mercy. She was spared that,
Feeling warm arms about her neck, the pat
Upon her cheek, soft kisses on her lips. The daughter said
Afterward, "God closed her dear eyes that her aged head
Be not brought down with sorrow to the grave by seeing
deep

On her loved child's face imprint of sin." As in sleep
She always saw the innocent child, yet felt
The kiss of a woman redeemed. Sharing their joy, melt
Our hearts with theirs. She lived with them so sweetly,
and

Helpfully, their hasting years brought nothing to remand
Their memories to past years, sealed within their hearts,
save

Of happy things. So sweet was she, and good that love
Would almost disbelieve her shadowed past. Was her
story known,

And did men of evil purpose seek to tempt her on
The credit of her past? Her manner a confession was,
A trust, a prayer for pity from them; much as
She was in their power, but asked their mercy

That she be spared for virtue's sake, if not her own. Circe
Like, she was the sum of womanhood, and kept it pure.

As time sped on she took her place again in sacred choir.
Her voice was thronged with deeper meaning than before.
This song she sings as her prayer ever more:

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me.
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

FANCY

The moon rose up,
And halved, was lying on the horizon,
Like a distant signal fire,
'Round which there walked, or stood,
Outlined in its mellow glow,
Strange men, of other thoughts,
Who seemed advanced in being
To a middle place,
Between the plane of mortals
And that other one
Where weights of flesh are gone;
And handled bundles,
Or passed 'cross spaces still unmeasured,
Whither they would betake their journey;
And winds of other worlds blew on them,
Chill and biting,
As they busied with their preparation.

TO HOPE

Oh Hope. Thou blessed, sweet enchantress!
O chaste and gentle presence!
Hast thou thy wand from the hand of God?
What sounds are thine?
That, 'midst the strangest, sorest discords,
The heart of man may hear
The sweetest music?

And when the cold, amorphous gloom of doubt
To all sense adverse, enfolds our being,
Thou kindest even it
To a rosy, mellow light,
Through which the soul looks up
In wide eyed wonderment,
As if waking in a strange place.

And when death shall grasp us,
And stifle all our struggles,
As one who casts a net
And then bestirs with diligence,
That the catch cannot escape,
Thou wilt touch the secret springs,
And up we'll see ascending
A life of far more grace and beauty,
Than we imagined in this life that is.

SOLICITUDE

Can I love again? O, Can I love again?
My inmost soul I ask of thee
The burden of this strain.

Bees, with rarest nectars fed,
Full have stored the rough oak's heart
Against the winter's need.

So the flower months of life,
Have stored my heart with memories
Tender, sweet and rife;

And could I fill it greater
With love, sweet child for thee?
I would not say so. Later

Free space there may not be;
And rather would I die
Than bring a pain to thee.

REASON AND REVELATION

Man has reason. Let his morrows,
His full years be guided thereby.

By it proving

And defining

Every step. Its stern fiat

Now removing,

Now confirming

Duty's course. The way resolving,

Rightly mapping

From familiar headlands. Error's stay dissolving;

And unwrapping,

Every cord of destiny; deftly threading,
 And so winding
The labyrinth of life; the being leading,
 Its high end finding.

Could not the heart find happiness in doing,
 And enjoying
The things it craved by nature? Ever sowing,
 And employing
All its powers for self, in harvesting
 And gathering;
From nature's store its dower wresting,
 All temptations weathering?

No voice was heard pleading,
 Or declaring,
But sweetest tones stirred, leading
 And bearing
The music of thought.
The heart in musing
 And reverie
Lost, by subtle art confusing
 Its every
Instinct, had been weaving
 And entwining
A tangled skein of pride; had been striving
 And complaining
Within itself. But by reason's own perceiving,
 And revealing,
Reason is a growth; and in receiving
 And unsealing
Treasure not its own, it has a being.
 When, hearing
Sweet strains of soft music playing,
 And pouring
Its song like waters overflowing,

And filling
The soul, bliss seemed absolute; or viewing
The falling
Of eventide shades, the hidden sun gilding
And streaming
A rich, mellow glory o'er clouds folding,
And gleaming
(A scene indescribable) now glowing
And fading,
The splendor seemed growing
And shedding
Within me its glory, so sweetly seemed living
And moving
The presence of beauty. So came truth descending,
Alighting,
Like the gush of that music, attending,
Delighting,
My soul's every fiber, and hushing,
Yea, stilling
Irreverent thought. It alighted so gently,
And sweetly,
No daintiest chord was jarred. I listened intently,
And meekly.
A moment it paused ere speaking.
Then trembling,
And with rev'rent confusion now waking,
Dissembling
Reason, this question rose struggling,
Desiring
An answer: "Art thou truth, or love, or
life?" Staggering,
Yet cheering
My soul. Then spake a voice, not breaking,
Dividing,
Its flow into syllables, but waking

From hiding
By exquisite emotions, sweet voices to slumbering,
Retiring,
Compelled by reason's gross power; but now
numbering,
Choiring
A composite harmony sublime; not revealing
And telling
In worrying parts, its message, concealing
And failing
As reason must; but permitting
And teaching
My being to know, by gift befitting,
And reaching
To knowledge divine, the while changing
Yet holding
Its message in unity: "For hearing
Thine inquiring,
I came in haste, sore fearing
Thy desiring
Would lead thee astray."

A RIDDLE

A maiden sweet, as yet half child,
To her lover came one day.
He clasped her in a rapture wild,
While she to him these words did say:
"When we are wed I will come every day
And ask you to hold me a while;
For my heart would inquire as we speed on our way,
If your love is true 'mid joy and trial."

Soft eyed was she, and golden haired.
Her form wore a sweet and tender grace;

And eyes, and lips, and form required
To the query, an answer, she bore on her face:
 "Just to know that you love me still,
 And cherish me fonder each day.
 My heart will not hunger if only you will;
 And each fond embrace my love will repay."

Sweet maid have you not life's riddle unwound?
If love would be stronger, and faithful each day,
No coldness would mar, no forgetfulness wound;
And happiness sweet would perennially stay.
 If we will but love, and cherish each day,
 No time will be found, no room for distrust;
 But as sunshine fills up the bright urn of the day,
 So the heart will be full of contentment and trust.

CONFIDENCE

I.

Still let hope live, for love can wait.
Nor deem thou'rt bound by chains of fate
That cold, relentless hold thee
From all the heart cherisheth,
The soul desires;
For a Heart of Love enfolds thee,
A Mind of Love directs thee,
And Hands of Love make smooth thy way;
And would He then His own side pierce,
Set his own laws at variance,
By holding thee from that thou lovest?

II.

Still let hope live; for time a period is
In which are wrought changes marvelous;
And barriers which seem eternal,

Are really only transient.
Let hope come forth again;
For though it may seem dead 'twill live again
If thou but breathe upon it.

III.

No power of man can truly die,
Save by his own rash act—
By wilful choice that it should end,
Or silent, awful, sad neglect.

BOATING

From out a mossy, scented bank
A lovely, gilded boat doth glide.
Two lovers from the cup of beauty drank—
A man of calm, majestic mien, and his promised bride.

He strong, reliant, plies the oars.
The keel with each proud stroke the waters cleft.
She holds the dainty helm, and deftly steers
Their course with gentle grace—the woman's gift.

Sweet music in their hearts was there,
The glad, full song of the spring of life.
All other beauty was to them less fair
Than that of their love, so glad and rife.

Wrapped in delight they sat. His oars then fell
A moment idly; and in playful dalliance they ride,
And rock on the dimpling wave; for beauty's magic spell
Steeped their senses till they drooped, in sweet langour to
confide.

Then heart to heart soft spake their yearning love,
By some sweet way to hearts that are faithful known;

As if each to each thoughts reflect, as flowers wave,
And see their own fair faces in limpid waters shown.

Green tufted islets here and there
The waters studded, emeralds in crystal band.
They too, like the broad leaved plants, in the dreamy air,
Seemed rising and falling on the gentle swell, blown by
a gentle wind.

Around their edges like a silken fringe, water lillies grew,
Fair emblems of purity, sweet and mild.
To pluck and wear them they seemed inviting you,
With a plea like the outstretched arms of a little child.

They gathered the lillies in clusters fair,
Nor suffered their beauty nor sweetness to fade,
That they might shed their blessings elsewhere,
Where suffering and sorrow sorely laid.

"We shall be late if we longer stay,"
The voice of the woman thus first was heard.
Like sweet strains of music which to our senses stray,
And inweave with our dreams, such joy her accents
stirred.

Then waking from happy dream to a happier reality,
With merry laugh, he dips the oars; and a purling trail
From the carved prow, of pearls like gems of royalty,
Shimmer on the water as home they sail.

QUERIES

Why must the heart be ever giving,
And denying;

Divide itself apart while living?

E'er belying

Its own reason, its desire,

Its choosing?

Live but a season? Durst not aspire?

Be ever losing

Most of conscious purposing,

And hoping?

It in vexed inquiries doth launch us,

Still cherishing and groping

After truth. Why should be that

Loving, and cherishing,

It must its exquisite realities be proving

By perishing?

Like beautiful things which by paining

Only know they live.

Why chance it that self's gaining

Reveals the haggard masks,

Fleeting phantoms and vagaries,

Taunting with

Sad greeting? The beggaries

Of disappointment. Still I with reverence

For leading,

Inquire what laws require deliverance

By bleeding

From rule of self. Why do endless

Sorrows, sad failures

Crowd our days?

ENGLISH TOMMY'S REPAST

He was a sheepherder with but one arm.
When in town he drank freely of what did warm,
And yet inebriate. He said to his boss
"I am hungry," who replied, "Go across
To the restaurant and I will pay
For your dinner." Tommy said, "Nay.
Get me some crackers, and an onion raw
And I will show townsmen what they never saw—
How a sheepherder eats." The boss provided
Crackers and onion, when Tommy decided
He needed salt. There stood before the store
A lump of rock salt weighing a hundred or more
Of pounds. A handful from this the boss chipped off
With his knife and gave to Tommy, who with rough
Manner, and glare as of beast from a den,
Munched crackers, onion, salt for learning of men.

A QUEST

One I had loved,
And happy had been,
Till this question proved me:
"Lovest all men?"

So forth hath my heart gone
To learn where the way,
That love may be sent on
And gain widest sway.

KEEPING SALOON

Banjo Bill when leaving town
To be gone a day or two,
To a pair of young friends said "Keep my saloon
And you may keep the revenue."

There was then living in the town
A bull-whacker, one of whose legs was bent,
Jimmy Osgood, of local renown,
Who used his credit as far as it went.

While asleep in a lodging house one night
The pillow came open, Jim's head went in;
He awoke, and picked feathers on learning his plight—
As near to an angel as he grew, I ween.

Of Tom and Jerry the boys made a bowl,
A special fine for their patrons that day.
On credit Jimmy drank it up, all,
And his large obligation never did pay.

A PRAYER

O Father but continuance give
Of what here I feel and know.
I ask no sweeter bliss than just to live
With Thee as here, and Thy will do;
For even here the joyous chorus
Of a coming, better age,
Finds an echo in our song,
When no longer men will mar the page
Of life, as it grandly moves along.

YEARNING

Rest, my darling, rest;
And this heart shall be thy pillow.
Its throbbing shall be turned to music,
Soft and soothing,
Which shall lull your tired spirits
Into realms of happy dreams,
Where the soul forsakes this mortal clay,
And takes its flight
Through bowers of light,
On wings of love,
Into the bliss of eternal day.

ON THE FALL OF A FRIEND

Drunken again wert thou?
So I have been told.
Sunken again below the grade of beast,
Polluted by a nauseous filth
More foul than slime beasts wallow in,
Pursuing their vilest habit.

Yet I do not condemn thee,
Nor still do I condone thy fault;
For thou hast said in sim'lar state,
That "All man's deeds both good and bad,
Are judged of God," whom
Thou knowest that He is.

Then the thought doth struggle:
How equal doth the pure and foul
Hold place within the heart of man,
And in man's world.

The line dividing them is as the line
Dividing sunlight from the shadow;
A step well nigh invisible,
Is all we need to bear us
From the blessed sweets of purity,
To the rancid mire of foulness.
How swift the growth of sinful resolution!
As swift as sight it seemeth.
And how fast the fall!

One moment we may cast our vision upward
And see a man in all an angel's comeliness,
And the next cast down our eyes in horror,
And see him spaces hurled below,
Distort with all the ugliness of demon.

How faint the bounds oft seem
E'en in the lawful things of life—
To cross a line is wrong, excess.
It often seemeth that
The very luxury of good, of life,
Will lead weak men astray.

I saw a tree so fully laden
With sweetest, luscious fruit
That its limbs were broken,
And the fruit was lost.

Thy fall almost doth make me say
"It is no use to strive to help you more."
Yet thy claim upon me is the truth
Thou art a brother man,
Helpless bruised, enfouled—
Thy need is thy petition.

TO A FARMER

He:

"The winds have blown away the rains.
The winds are ill. Drouth dries the veins
Of every growing thing. What worth the pains
Of planting?"

Answering Voice:

"O do not chide the winds;
For, as the trusted guide who finds
The water fails, mid desert sands,

Have they returned to bring you more,
Knowing that their vessels bore
Too little for your needs before."

And so the faithful winds blew still,
Unheeding all man's plaint of ill,
And larger did their vessels fill
For his refreshing.

ETERNITY

O have you heard a master player
Caress his charmed lyre?
And out his bursting passion pour
In a yet more charmed air?
And felt the sweet, ecstatic power
In soul, by his music overbore?

And still, when changing years are gone,
Doth not the memory sweet remain?
But should time or death the memory dim,
Reality a being eternal may claim.

Then sing in triumph when by doubt oppressed,
When from you your faith scoffers would wrest;
For conscious delight, or knowing, or pain,
Are pillars for witness we may turn to again;
And from heart and mind that truth have known,
Can never be taken what once has been.

OUT OF DOORS

Hear the murmur of the waters
As they softly glide, and mingle;
See rise and fall so gently
The limpid, tender bosom,
Like the soft, convulsive motion
Stirred in a sleeper's happy dream.
Feel the balmy south wind kissing
Cheek, and fern and nodding flower.
See the warm and golden sunlight
Bathing all with mellow splendor.
View the flowers along the border
Drooped in artless admiration
Of their own reflected beauty,
As, not enough were matchless beauty,
They must multiply their charms.
Now are fainting senses bathéd
With a spray of richest odors.
Hear the wood bird in the arbor—
Pure delight expressed in music—
Hush his voice a while and listen
While the vibrant wings of silence
Waft his song with cadent motion
To the farthest leafy recess;
Then, ere it dies, he swells his throat
And pours again his bursting air,

Meeting, mingling, and confusing
With his uttered song new measures
Till nature's vast can scarce contain
All the luxury of such beauty.

SALVATION

O escape they sin, dear erring child;
For thine endless torment sad would be,
Thy pure desires, nobleness, love and constancy
Must be associate forever with baseness, lust, depravity.

The noble light of purity and rectitude
That shineth in you,
Would shine to illumine ulcerous loathsomeness.
Like a captive thou'd be bounden stout,
And made to look upon, while thy baser self,
Like a brutal tyrant, would put thy powers
To low use, and sickening corruption.
Thus in twain would thou ever be divided.

When soars the soul to God,
Desires the pure, sees and aspires,
Yet grovels in the meshes of the flesh,
Which rule to opposite ends, pervert, destroy,
Is not this torment?
To escape thou must win thy wayward heart
Again to ways of purity and honor, by God's help,
As the artist toils to form shapeless clay
To the likeness of the image in his thought.

"IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH"

I saw two flowers blooming by the road
Which tangled in the copse, and stately wood,
Their dainty stems entwined, making one,
As though upon one stock they both had grown.
Their colors dipped and mingled, richly sweet,
Both bathing in a lotion rare, and deep,
Till the violet hue of one, the other's yellow tone,
Though heightened, still blended—showed as one.

So may thou man, and woman fair,
Gain each the strength of other, and thine own wear.

ABNEGATION

I

Has she loved me?
Does she love me?
So young she seems
That scarcely can she know
The power and dignity of love.

II

And yet, I fancy, has her love
Begun to sweetly move within her,
And creep with blind advance,
Like the bulbéd head of a growing vine,
(Propelled by no intelligence
Than the instinct of its nature)
Which ever pushes onward, and finds
With sense unerring some rock,
Or tree to cling upon.

III

So may I forsooth,
Be to her a rock or sturdy oak whereon
Her love may twine its tendrils,
Until they come to bloom.

IV

And e'en though my heart may not
Their fragrance sweetly gather,
Another heart will bear the blossoms,
And be gladdened by their perfume.

CITY AND SOUL

PART ONE

In tropic lands where gentle winds
Blow soft o'er verdant plains,
Where with lavish hand sweet beauty spends
Her choicest art in voluptuous strains,
By a murmuring rill in a nestling vale,
A fold in the lap of nature,
Enwrapped from chill, encircled from gale,
Where plenty's fair breasts are spilling their nurture,
In sweet distress, for the gentle press
Of her own maternal abundance,
O'ergrowing with moss, enwreathéd with grass,
Is a crumbling ruin. On this mound once
Stood, rich in gold and freemen bold,
A city which ruled a fair domain.
The legend old is often told
Its waste and ruin to explain.
Its walls were laid from quarried bed,
Facades with chiseled beauty shone;

So rich her trade her marts were spread
In many a land and distant zone.

Its wealth grew more. With added store
Came pride, and wealth's unrest.
It made useless wars, and burdens sore
Laid on vanquished, all poor oppressed,
Till their hearts were turned. Within them burned
Rebellious fires, resentment, hate.
Then rulers learned the truth they spurned:
A people's love is the bond of state.
For, when conquering horde with ruthless sword,
O'er ran their land, and laid it waste,
No call was heard, no emotions stirred
To loyalty, the wealth enslaved, and vassal breast.

She no pity gave, and none would have.
The despoilers' mailed hand fell sore.
They none did save, and nought would leave
Of beauty and glory that had been before.
But when ruin did brood o'er the place where had
stood

The city, like spirit of evil,
Soft tears were shed, by her spoilers 'tis said,
For her fall, and her beauty's dishevel.

In the place of her marts, and halls of her courts,
Where her glad, merry life had used to flow
For the sweet ring of harp, and warmth of hearts
Of her people, as they went to and fro;
All blackened and marred, but shapeless piles stared,
Like a look in the face when reason has flown,
When ear had late heard the hard, cruel word,
And the pain and despair were fixed as in stone.

As the soft light played o'er ruin'd colonade
Grim shadows posed like ghosts of the past;

And zephyrs strayed, and faint moan made
Like the wail of the dead who findeth no rest;
And wild things come, and find a home
In places where palaces lordly stood;
The fields unsown are with tares o'ergrown;
And nothing is fair, or fruitful, or good.

PART SECOND

On a glad bright morn, a child was born,
And round him a halo of rosy hopes shown.
With tender concern for him did yearn
Fond hearts, holding his joy over their own.
To him was given the wealth of heaven,
A heart and mind for service of good.
Nature had striven with life's best leaven,
And made him a child of her happiest mood.

The rosy years which knew no cares
Hymned by like the drone of busy bee,
Till the man appears and bravely dares
To launch amain on life's great sea.
And fortune poured from bursting hoard,
Rich gain in trade for industry's coin;
For ne'er hath fared a toiler hard
Who doth the right with effort join.

Ere long his store brought ease and power,
And then rich blessings turned a curse,
Like manna pure, the which, if more
Than need were kept, bred worms and worse.

Can a heart know love, or can it move
With the higher instincts of a beast,
And life receive, know her who gave
It life, then smite that gentle, loving breast?

Yet God gave all, both great and small,
Of everything men have or know;
And in judgment hall, and myrrh and gall
To his son their love and kinship show.

His heart grew hard, and cold toward
His kind who wrought in lowly ways.
No abundance shared, no hopeful word
Spoke to those whom sorrows pressed always.
Then men's hearts turned from him who spurned
The simple virtue of their toil.
Then he learned by pain he earned
That love is existence's wine and oil.

For in a night, his wealth took flight,
And left him empty, broken, poor;
For things of weight and things of sight
Fill not the soul's depleted store.
False pride upheld and made a shield
From pity's soft, refreshing dew;
And he strong rebelled, and stout repelled
Kind hearts whom his sore suffering drew.

But within him cried a heart that bled
From a wound within its living place,
Like a captive tied to a stake, and made
To yield fiendish joy to a barbarous race;
Or like poor slaves by their master bound
Who moan in the night for their cruel chains;
Or winter winds making dismal sound
As they sigh through caves, and woody lanes.

If you could weep in sorrow deep
For the waste of the city fair,
Your pity sweet, O do not keep
From a heart that is grieving so lone and sore.

For nature kind doth truer find
The good, the beautiful use in all;
And she hath twined as though to bind
Their hurts, her tendrils soft o'er each broken wall.

'Tis but a way that she doth say,
That in all God allows, some beauty lives;
And waste of fray, e'en a wicked lie,
To service of good its help must give.
Do you pity then? Pour in oil and wine,
And the cruel wound may yet be healed.
Know the desolation in the soul of man,
Is sadder than ruin of city revealed.

FAITH OUT OF BITTERNESS

Blow, blow, you fleeting, hissing snow flakes,
Which rise like spray on the spotless waste.
Ye are companions to my thoughts.
Yet, however wildly and aimlessly you blow,
God's winds still point your way;
And ye shall rest somewhere, sometime,
In a ravine, or sheltered cove,
On the bosom of the kindly earth.
She shall hug you to herself,
However fancifully you roam.
Whither shall we flee from God's presence?

AN INSCRIPTION

— Beneath this lid are treasures hid
More precious far than gold.
Within these words, there may be heard
Sweet strains of love I have never told.

DIANA'S MIRROR

I saw
A little dimpling lake
Hiding,
A lovely, tangled brake
Shading.

Looking
Into its limpid, liquid depths
Quaking
With timorous, simple modesty,
Lying
On its pearly, swelling bosom,
Playing
With gentle, rhyming motion,
Composing
A harmony, I saw
Reposing
There a perfect cosmic miniature;

A painting,
(But in daintier, finer lures,
Tinting,
But in fainter, softer hues,
Blending,
All of tender, lovely beauty,
Lending
Perfectness,) of the beauties of the heavens.

A WRAITH

Morpheus, of Somnus born,
He who rules o'er realms of dreams,
Forth poured vapors from his horn;
And on my senses fell a sleep.
My spirit loosed soon wandered far,
In sportive mood 'mid happy scenes.

My soul was filled with happy thought;
And in my joy, there came the form
Of one whose presence pleasure brought,
As though, obeying a fond desire
(Which springs in hearts attuned to love,
And unexpressed has power to move
The vibrant soul in sweet accord,)
That drew her to her lover's side.

She came, I gazed, longed to caress,
The one whose presence seemed so sweet;
But when I would have asked a kiss,
My sweet enchantress fled away;
And with her passing, passed the spell.

PARTING

Thou art departing;
And does the grief of't oppress thee?
Wilt thou feel: How little
Is one heart's sorrow in a world?
As thou shalt pass in fancy,
And in form the thousands of men
Strange to thee, who know not thy qualities?
Does a jewel shine less brightly

Since there are many?
Does music rise less sweetly
When it is unheard?
No. And a heart which lives,
And feels and sorrows,
Holds its own lights and music,
More precious than those of gem or harp.
Know thy heart goest not a lone way.
It bearest those of us, thy friends.

TO ALICE —————

I think of you
When the morning lifts
The leaden weight of sleep
From off my eyes;
And while the day doth fill
Its golden urn;
And as the evening shades grow on,
And the real doth fade
Into shades of fancy,
As fades the light;
Likewise in the night,
When thoughts are free
To do their pleasure.

As an inmate of my being art thou.
Thou dost come and go therein
As freely as the sound of music.
The portals of my soul
Swing wide for thee,
As thou art passing;
As though responding
To a charmed touch.
Everything doth conjure thee

Within my heart—
The rustling of a woman's dress,
A smile, a pose, or accent in a voice.
Every thought doth wander to thee.
Dear, I often think of you.

A CITY BY THE MINES

Sweet are your airs as a breath of love,
As soft as a touch of kindness.
Thy gardens are as fair with flowers
And fruits, as corners of Paradise.
Thou sittest in a latitude and altitude
When combined, which make thine influence
Nothing else than magical, giving health to body,
And delicious inspiration to the soul.
Days are bright in other lands.
Thine have a crystal brightness.

Seen from the north at close range
Thy trees, homes, stores, mills and hoists
Rise in terraces. Thou art
"A city set upon a hill," and at a distance dost appear
A gem inset in the robe of nature.
"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem,"
So a majestic circlet girdeth thee,
Around whose crags there often play
Lights and hues which seem let down
From a fairer, purer world than this.

Passions base and strong,
Have roared through you, as fire
Roars up the throat of a furnace.
Bawds (for most part) sang and danced,
While all drank, and strewed their silver

In thy "Bird Cage." Yet a few known
To better fame have played there.
Thy gambling games had
"No limit but the ceiling."
Ruffians quarreled about divisions of unholy pelf
And shot each other down in squads,
But molested little honest men.
These latter made great mines, large enterprises.
Great suits by great lawyers
Were tried in thy forum. One has said:
"The best good fellowship I have ever known
I enjoyed in these environs."

Love played here her tender part; and virtue
Stern, stronger than is usual stayed,
And paid the larger part who wooed her.
Intrepid Schieffelin braved Apache scalping knives
To discover thee, his "Tombstone,"
As one tauntingly predicted.
He sleeps on the site of his camp
'Neath a shapely pile of granites,
Which one night shielded him from savage wrath,
Formed like a miner's monument
That marks the boundary of his claim.

Some disliking thy lugubrious name
First proposed Richmond;
The east end some tried to name New Boston;
But the spirit of frontier sportsmanship prevailed.

Men with Midas' touch compelled
Thy catacombs to up-yield
Millions in gold and silver;
But thou, like nursing dam,
Gave thy treasure to build other cities,
And art thyself left desolate.

THE BIRD CAGE

One story will suffice to guage
The character of the old "Bird Cage,"
To Lewis' Wolfville Stories known,
A variety theater in quaint Tombstone.

A young doctor lived in San Jose,
Who wooed a maid with the poesy
Of love; who gave her heart
Upon exchange of vows they should never part.

She gave to him her virtue too
In the fond belief he would be true;
But when his passion he did sate
He left her to the saddest fate.

The lessons learned from him so well
She practiced with others, and speedily fell,
Because her love had been so high,
A space like the span from earth to sky.

He came to Tombstone, and soon she
Came also, feeling where he was she must be.
He practiced medicine, was respected,
And, of course, his erstwhile love neglected.

Possessed of grace and beauty rare
She was much sought after. Frenzied despair
Made her wildly wanton—so deep her hurt.
She danced on the stage clad in a short shirt.

When the doctor saw the sad wreck he had wrought
Belated, for reparation, he thought
To marry her, and did. "Outrage
For him to marry a woman out of the 'Cage.'"

His friends said. But he told his part
In her fall. They did soon depart
For San Francisco. Though she had
Now her love, her past so vile and sad,

Was more than her weary soul could bear;
And in their hostel, when a deep despair
Enveloped her, so for release her spirit cried,
She took poison, and by her own act, died.

A HYMN

How often, 'mid trials,
The Saviour's hand has led me!
His love, 'mid denials,
Still tenderly has fed me.

How much should I love Him,
And do His holy will!
None else is above Him.
May my soul He fill.

'THE MASTODON OF CURTIS' FLAT

Great beast of an enormous age ago.
Thy great height, and bulk, and power
Must have mated other forces of thy time.
Creature of a manless age,
Late man has called thee "Tit-Tooth."
What were thy thoughts about a name?
What flashes of consciousness had'st thou?
What scenes looked you upon?
Upon what plenteous forage to support

Thy great frame didst thou feed?
What lesser creatures didst thou dominate?
What enemies more powerful
Brought terror oft in sleeping, waking?
What uses then had your ten-foot
Tusks of ivory? What commerce sought
To utilize you and your possessions?

So long, long, long ago you lived
You must have been nearer God than we are.
The earth then was vastly newer, fresher.
Did vaster, freer thrills you course through
Than are permitted to us men?
And was thy giant form product of such boons?
Sure thou filledst a place, supplied a link
In God's great endless plan of creation.

Thou wert happy, useful, tired and sad.
We restless, seeking, inquiring men
Wish some power enduring as your swampy bed
Could have preserved thy thought,
The songs thou heardest, the scenes thou sawest.
Perhaps they would not have been so different
From those our imaginations create,
Yet we long to know, to see, to hear.

We are glad you stayed to our time
Fellow creature, fellow worker.
It is a pity though that only the perishable
Of you remained; but it must be,
Since clay and rock are friendly
To their brother mold,
The Creator of us all has made a place,
And means provided, wherein, whereby to store
The finer, eternal stuff in you and me.

A DREAM

A season of failure had over me swept
Awearied I laid me down and slept.
I dreamed I labored with tools and team,
Dusty and heavy the work did seem.
At last I looked on a smooth, plowed field,
I said: "Some other can make it yield."

A road ran over a high steep hill,
Standard, with cut, and drain and fill.
My labor had finished it also, new,
For comfort and use of me and you.

A little field, a short stretched road;
Yet a yield of grain, a lightened load,
A little home, a plain marked way
Were left to others from my work day.

THE DESERT

I may not sing of English copse,
Or sweet-filled haunts,
Of tarn, or woodland
Or fresh plowed, billowy fields;
But may of deserts far reaching,
Barren as tho' cursed,
Yet like a virgin unwed
Hiding all increase of loveliness
In her bowels,
Spanning spaces like another
Still, dead sea;
Of mountains like Horeb
Majestic, ranged around

In great, uneven parapets,
Giant built of old;
Of creeks which slyly creep
Over the surface a while,
Then silently sink away;
Of bear grass tufts,
And rabbit haunts,
Like little cave cities,
Scooped out in wind reared mounds;
Of mirage, trembling in well nigh
Viewless waves, but filling
All the valley with its deep,
Transparent, airy, sun-warmed flood;
Of sunset glories;
And rainbow tinted hills;
Rough crags which seem
Great wrecks of older building,
Beat down irregularly
By relentless tides of time,
Yet standing, serene and restful,
Like sentinels keeping watch
Over a sleeping past.
Though it is an Ishmael land
Where every plant's grim, spiny hand
Is against every man;
Yet the Chollas rear their seven candle sticks;
The Ocatillos bear aloft their torches,
And march in serried ranks
Up the treeless slopes;
The Yuccas, like sentinels
Wrapped in military cloaks, dot all the plain,
Standing faithfully on guard; and at flowering
Each yields a bushel of creamy blooms.
The tang of pungent perfumes
Reacts on the senses like a stimulant.

And the mocking bird finds not time
To sing her bliss in long summer days;
But awakes often in the beauteous, moonlit nights
From melody overflowing from her mouth.
Truly, the desert has subtle charms.

SUGGESTED BY A DREAM

After the flight of years
A noble soul is like an old jewel case.
Within there are found many things
So small they would else be scattered,
Trodden under foot and lost;
But having safe asylum in their case
They lie, small, yet most precious
Of all one's possessions.
Some may be dislodged from their mountings,
May be chipped on the edges;
Yet still they remain the rarest,
Most beautiful, most precious
Accumulations of the soul.

THE IDEAL AND REAL

I have craved leisure
In which to meditate;
Pursue truth, beauty
And high emprise.
I have been granted the boon
Of glimpsing such beauty
And thinking such exalted thoughts
Possible, as I sawed wood;
Or listened to the quarrels

And troubles of people
In practice of the law;
Or made abstracts of tangled titles.

I have tried to listen to music,
Soft, trembling on the strings,
And have had interjected
The puff of an engine,
Clang of a cow bell,
Thump of a blacksmith's hammer,
Bray of jackass, cock's crow, dog's bark,
And all a neighborhood's prosaic sounds.

I have craved love,
Big, generous, uplifting.
I have found pettiness, suspicion.
If one is willing to stoop
To lust, nonsense, the dance,
The drunken joy ride,
The course is easy.
But if one has ideals,
Walks in paths of purity,
Thinks things worth while,
He need not look for love there
(Except the love of God)
For love's wings are glued to earth
By sordidness.

Gold, it is said, has cost more
In human effort and outlay,
Than it is worth; that is,
Match expenditure of all men
In its quest, with the visible supply,
And more has been expended
Than has been realized.
You say "Unwise methods,

Unwisdom in expenditure,
Bungling, are responsible."
So incongruous necessity,
Harsh, grating noises,
Low, silly customs,
Shut us from great, lovely things,
And make them seem to cost
More than they are worth.

MIKE, THE CROW

When but a wee fledgling Mike was caught,
Was straightway to the city brought,
And soon became quite reconciled
To be the playmate of a child.

Dick, Mike's owner, thought it quite funny
To let Mike filch from his pocket money.
Lifting a dollar, Mike knew its use to perfection,
And to church tower flew to put it in the collection.

Whatever things that Mike could fetch
Were brought home. It is no stretch
That the inner tube of a bicycle tire
Mike brought home safely, to the owner's ire.

Long Mike was treated and named as a male,
Till a thing happened which makes a strange tale;
A stick nest was built, such as crows like,
Then all knew Mike must be Mrs. Mike.

A lady planted her garden seed
With Mike for company. Mike gave close heed
Just how and where each seed was placed,
Dug them up, had her wings clipped, was disgraced.

Wherever she was fed Mike returned,
A little dog's bark she unaided learned;
When the butcher gave no heed to her caw,
She barked, till he to her needs saw.

When her owner walked along the street
Mike flew to his shoulder in order to greet
Him. Against his lips she placed her beak,
And thus her love would mutely speak.

She flew at liberty about the town,
And such was her wisdom few did frown
At her petty misdeeds; but a miscreant wild
Shot her. He might most as well have shot the child.

Dick, with the aid of his sisters and brothers,
Hollowed a grave, just as do others
Who lose a loved one, and buried their pet,
With an ache in their hearts they will not soon forget.

TWO CIVILIZATIONS

Out just beyond the city's line
A civilization new I find;
Yet more ancient far than men can boast,
That of insect, beast and feathered host.

Each rules himself. They have no king,
Nor jail, or scaffold; and no such thing
As vice. Their sexes mingle but to breed.
Only men are vile, and such corrections need.

If they are not marshalled for defense,
Neither fear they organized offense.
Though they singly on each other prey,
They outstrip men but a little way.

They have the freedom of disorder in their wider domain;
But are artists and architects in things which pertain
To their homes. The silk lined portals of the spider's den,
The bird's woven nest, mock the cunning of men.

What prima donna in opera grand
Can sing like a mocking bird, as she doth stand,
On topmost twig, or straight up leaps on white disc'd
wings,
In the same spot lights, and in ecstasy sings?

The coyote's yodle and frenzied yell,
Bird obligato to the monotonous trill
Of crickets for orchestra, frog's croak, killdee's call,
Are without the scope of men's notation, all.

For transportation, conservation see squirrel, ant, rat;
An ant which covers wood, refuse, with mud veneer that
Affords shelter, mellows food; and the bee
Which uses aerial transport better than we.

They have beauty of plumage, fur and wing;
And a worm which, dying, curls, a humble thing,
Leaves carved lines of beauty on its fragile shell,
A human artist can scarce excel.

They court and mate, work and play,
Are sick and well, sad and gay.
Why, more of their secrets do I not reach?
I am a foreigner, and know not their speech.

JAMES EDWARD ELLIOTT

Scarce four months with us you tarried
Until your infant spirit hurried
Back to God. Or, did you only vaguely draw
Heaven's curtain, till you saw
This world of toil, and grief and pain,
And in Paradise shrink back again?

Although you were so small a child
Your sister said that thrice you smiled
Before you left. May it not be
That angel children, with celestial glee,
Had grasped your tiny hand and said,
"Come with us?" While we mortals thought you dead.

CONSERVATION

Forces of destruction are withal
True conservators. Water drowns,
Mud mires; but a shell, a bone
Is sheltered eons long in a crevice,
Or by surrounding mold, becoming parts
Of strata miles in thickness.

Vesuvius, with great convulsions,
Spewed forth hot lava flows
Which buried fair Pompeii;
But saved for us upon her walls
Are signs of elections then imminent;
A tavern keeper's urn with water
Still held within, as when he mixed
Spicy wines for his lusty patrons;
And other forms of Roman life were

Arrested then and held intact,
For subsequent instruction.

Jewish rulers when they placed
A guard at the tomb of Christ,
Sought to make sure the proof
That he arose not; but only clinched
The fact that he did arise.

Blind, narrow partisans defeated him
Who sought to league together
The governments of earth for peace,
Thinking they had destroyed his work.
They have only isolated and preserved it,
And placed it within the power of them,
Or any one, to discover plainly,
In all time, its true author.

TRAILS

A bull shoe, a cast off frying pan,
A broken shovel, a rusted can,
Leading to shaft, deserted camp,
(Cast off as truly,) I saw on my tramp.

Are these signs all men leave to trace
Achievements? Is there no place
Where strewn the relics lay
Of man's accomplishments? In his day
A great heart lived and loved.
Another fought and wrought. Both moved
On. What signs have they
Scattered along their lives' dim way?

Some think he who sought the harlot and the bowl,
Who strove, who advertised his role
Lived most. But what of him
Who kept his virtue deep within
His own bosom? Who wrought
Within his spirit's power, and thought?
Who across man's life's true vale
Left the imperishable trail?

DIRECTION

The soul lives.
The body is but a bond
Which binds elusive elements
In integer; but a circumference
In which compressed
Are, elastic and rebellious essences,
So held to beauty and to use.

Love must be so confined,
So have a body, or its elements
Will fly like heated air
To every variant point
Of a cycle infinite;
And man, limited to direction,
Can never overtake the fleeting things
Which compose it; for they
Will fly before, behind,
To right, to left, up and down,
To every opposite, while he
Goes on one way; and thus
Will his soul be torn, and toyed with.
Happier is a laborer
Content in simple mind, to love

And live with one, than is he
Who wings widest realms,
With largest mind; but fails
To love in singleness of heart
Who lives at eventide alone,
And dies empty.

PRAYER

Many a home knows a sweet uplifting
And upon many a troubled spirit
Falls a benediction like sweet night-rest,
When some one prays.

THE MINER

You know him by the heave and bulk of his shoulders
From hammering the drill, sinking from surface boulders
To heated regions, in search of the metal
Which makes engine, or watch, or copper kettle.

He has a nose for ore, and bores like a mole
His shaft, drift, winze, upraise, every species of hole;
And by his candle or carbide light
Follows lead, stringer, chute with accurate sight

No less than magical. Of one they do say
He had driven a drift a long stretch away
From the shaft in search of ore. His partner did tell
Him to quit. He replied: "I'll drive it to hell.
I'll either get silver or cinders." He got the ore—
A great chute of it—all he hoped for and more.

An Irish miner once was offered
A gold mine for sale. If the property proffered

Proved good, Pat was minded to buy it;
But before doing so determined by sample to try it.
When he got his assays he turned it down cold
Saying, "There is too much waste for the gold."

He knows every mine from Ajo to Nome,
Is at home everywhere, with never a home.
The blast of his powder, his hard, cutting steel
Get into his nature, until he does feel
And think like those act. Still he is fair,
And manly. Miners the bulwark are
Of some of our greatest industries. They breathe
Air filled with powder gas, and which doth seethe
With dust from drill, and muck. They also add
Tobacco smoke, and all these make sad
Havoc with lungs. Many a miner, a giant
In youth, takes "miners' consumption," becomes a suppli-
ant

For charity (against his pride) who gave place
At one time to no one of his race.

He is a poet, a romancer, not indeed for love
Of women, though their charms fail not to move
Him; but in his pursuit of that fair dame
Called Fortune. No goddess can among men claim
More devoted votaries than miners make
In their gold lined dreams of making a "stake."

He is serious, and in most things well controlled;
Is deeply in earnest in searching for gold.
Parasites, and wild life follow his wake,
For he spends just as freely what he freely doth make.
He may dip into the wild life at intervals, but does not
pursue

Such ways as much as some think he must do;
But is apart from these things, mostly gives his strength
To what makes of a desert a city, at length.

THE UNION MAN

Since God made Eden and set man to dress it
The most valuable thing put in earth to bless it
Is labor, a union of brain and hand.
By it cities arise; and the barren land
Is made to yield. Even Almighty God
By labor made all things which he called good.

Since of so great worth men seek to possess it;
Have waged wars, hunted slaves, in order to impress it.
Of late those whose learning has raised them above
Their unschooled fellows, forgetful of love,

Seek by means less crude, but as cruel to exploit it;
At a starvation wage assert they have "bought it."
Too much the rich frame governments, enact the laws,
Select the courts; and their money employs

Skilled counsellors, who enforce laws, plead and construe
 them

To serve the interests of the rich, who thus view them.
They control the press, and bias the teacher,
And their gifts sometimes will silence the preacher.

Here the worker arose and laid his great strength out.
With clear thought he saw his true state at length, but
Not the finesse of the close knit plan,
Worked out for his governance by his fellow man.
Outclassed in all tests of skill, they bereft him
Of more rights. Using the powers his training had left
 him,

He struck out, though blindly at times.
More patent to all were the marks of his crimes;

For the bleeding stumps from his dynamite can
Are more shocking than wealth's victims, white and wan,

Who starve in silence, and far away,
Nor expose their poverty to light of day.

He has learned to think as well as his employer;
Is now more the builder, and less the destroyer.
It's a shame that each does the other harm,
For the two are Industry's right and left arm.

He has given to labor a high and firm standing;
And he is half imbecile who insists on disbanding
His union. Let labor and capital together endeavor,
And peace and prosperity are assured forever.

THE POLITICIAN

He is not so bad as to offend the good,
Nor so good as to offend the bad;
Is a fair average of those he represents.
Powerful in opposing right newly recognized,
Weak in opposing prevalent wrong,
He follows the crowd he pretends to lead;
Like low voters in olden days
Who had to look into their hats
Before they knew their names,
He must look into the public mind
Before he knows his own;
Look into the public conscience
Ere he hears any voice of his own.
He seeks his office for honor,
Yet is usually the abject tool
Of some hidden, brutal combination.
His promises embrace the earth,
His achievements rattle in a thimble.
He promises one thing, performs another.
"A horse is a vain thing for safety,"
And a politician is a vain dependence.

PAIN

What kinship exists between
The hours of night and pain?
That while the first so slowly drag,
The other plies its sore fatigue?
Dark spirits must night hours infest;
For, till dawn chases them into the west,
The tortured find no relief in rest.

Of old men believed that all disease
Was caused by demons, who fret and tease
Men's nerves and flesh, with impish spite,
Who in veins and joints their battles fight.
The sufferer who can do naught but wait,
Aside, while heat and throb, fit brood of hate,
Charge and counter, thinks they were right.

CLOUDS

Some will think my fancies wild;
But ever since a little child
Clouds for me have held a charm;
And, since none they will ever harm,
I will write some down. I see
In them a never failing beauty.
Though ever changing, there remains
Always beauty, which disdains
All the powers of air can do,
Since, in all change, it functions true.

That speech of form, hue or attitude
Is not confined to life, may be a platitude;
But from serene, or stately pose
Of cloud, my soul takes dignity, or repose.

Fleets of white Argos, which have sailed
In search of the Golden Fleece, and failed
Not in their quest, are heaped
High with shining fleeces, reaped
From Colchis' sheep. Figure heads
Adorn their prows; and o'er each spreads
Its snowy sail. And there flee
Before them, on, or above the azure sea,
Beasts and beings of strange form,
Bearing to us the prophetic charm
That they presage still other realms
Than ours, where creative force o'erwhelms
The forms we know. It is the sphere
Of fancy, and of change. Clear
Appear forms, visages, then
Are changed to other beasts or men;
And, wearied with rigid forms and rules,
We long for change—that fairy tools
Might carve and mould with as much ease
Our life forms, to models as we please.

Men's works, however vast, still fail
To satisfy, to reach the scale
Of greatness, and glory they demand.
By which need, we understand
They must associate with Deity,
Ere their souls will know satiety;
But a splash of color which doth span
From horizon to horizon, can
Satisfy. Or a fluffy berg may tower
To such exalted height, it wields a sim'ler power.

As a poet's imagination is a cloud-flecked sky,
Where form and formless with each other vie.
What a riot of colors, too, doth the sense delight,
As the daylight shades slowly into night!

That all is beauty the mind doth know;
And the undefinable is as fair I trow
As what is reducible to form or hue.
That distant, unfathomable blue,
Afar, as a lodestone, draws the soul;
And other colors typify the whole
Of life: The innocence of babyhood, the white;
Pink, the years of ruddy youth's delight;
Crimson, passion's ardor of mature years;
Maroon, post-meridian's cooling fires;
And gray, the time of life's approaching night.
Then the moon sheds forth an other-worldly light.

SOCIETY

Average people in their social contact
Instead of holding ideals, which straightly react
To leaven the lump, or savor the mass,
Look shrewdly around, each trying to guess
What the other is doing, of good or of harm,
In order that to either they may smugly conform.
They act like little pigs in the cold weather,
Each one tries to snuggle under the other.

AT FIFTY

While a child the hum of fly and drone of bee
Loosed my fancy, and oft led me
Forth on fancy's wings to thread the wider place
They thronged; and join the care free race
Through mystery and romance. This their hum
Of wing meant to me. Through the sum
Of half a century's years I have gone,

With such wings as my soul possessed; done
For most part my best. Sipped such flowers
As my region furnished; entered bowers
Of mystery, love and romance. Still
The hum of fly, the drone of bee, fill
Me with the same vague dream.
True, some of children's mysteries now seem
Plain to me; but in life's great sphere
I am as much a child as in yesteryear.

Though mistakes and failures many I deplore,
They have been, since I was little more
Than twenty-one, within, and overruled by might
Of high resolve. I have been, am facing right.

I believe in romance, mystery and love
As of yore. My heart will move
As freely now to these as ever;
And I am glad; and hope that never
Shall I lose them. Not much of wealth
Or power, or wisdom have I. Health
Of body, mind and soul are mine.
No wife, nor child, whose love refine,
Have I gained; but the powers God gave
Me, disciplined, and organized I have
Intact. I am free to do right.
Thus I face, in life's never ending flight,
My future, both here, and hereafter.

REFLECTION

She looked into his heart
(O Mirror rare.)
After drawing its veil apart,
And saw her face reflected there.

A RHAPSODY

When love is true each fond embrace
Creates for two hearts a new Paradise.
All sorrows, longings and desires
Are fused into harmony in its sacred fires.
Thus mixed is the fire of the spirit with clay
That life on the earth may continue alway.
When toil and care almost overwhelm
Love withdraws the spirit to another realm,
Or, guides it into deep, hidden retreats,
Far from life's coldness, and hardness and cheats;
To storied isles, where stately piles
Rear their carved facades,
'Neath fragrant groves, where myrrh and cloves
Spread their spicy shades.

Love is metempsychosis in life,
Wife's soul enters husband, and husband's the wife;
Yet are not fixed, but freedom retain
Sans restraint, to enter, and return home again.
While it merges two lives into one, it is true,
It also should broaden one life into two.

Exteriors are not what attract and repel,
But love is contented sweetly to dwell
Where gentleness, faith and fineness abide,
Though warts and moles may cover the hide;
And leaves a fair form, and cheeks that are red,
Where oppression, meanness and coarseness are hid.

By giving love we love obtain;
But the two parts equal do not remain:
They rise to a summit between the two,
So that more than the sum of its parts, is true.

She has her abode upon a high hill
Whence she draws all who loves urge feel;
And unless her high appeal prevails,
Then, most surely, true love fails.

Love must be an air from on high
Which, as fleecy barges of the sky
With refreshing vapors laden sail,
Bringing help to living things that fail,
Sweeps heart and mind and bears away
Emotions, thought, far, deep and high,
To bounds of tenderness and truth,
Of romance, and the dreams of youth,
Like to gilded fringes of the clouds;
And then, astern the soul's ship crowds
All sail, to a higher, fairer land,
And leaves the soul on its golden strand.

As gentle rain to a drooping flower
So love's delights to a sad soul are.

Old loves are encysted in the soul
They lend their aid, but no more control.

Man and woman trade in kind in love's fair mart,
Woman's tenderness for man's strength, pass current
in the heart.

Love is a power on which the soul doth ride,
Like a thing which saves the body from an angry tide.
Or again, one spirit reclines on the other
As an infant rests on the arms of its mother.

A heart disappointed or bereaved
Is like a forest where have raved
Fierce fires, leaving spaces and blackened stumps

Where stood trees in open ranks or clumps;
But as nature restores the forest's green,
So love makes beautiful the heart again.

If one is loved and by neglect
Such love is lost, the defect
Is dual: He has lost the love bestowed,
And that which from his own heart flowed.
It seems a mortal thing when one lets love die,
For gruesome, charnel things within the soul lie.

The heart craves love as a babe does food.
Each sucks as hungrily what brings it good;
Though many grow unlovely in quest of love—
Unselfishness is submerged, while self rides above.
Love is near neighbor to all things fair—
Moonlight, sweet scent and soft air—
But to all hearts a sister dear.
To her e'en angels hover near.

Love is so high and fine a force,
As conductor man's nature is so coarse
That when love comes frankly to a human heart,
It is abashed, may bid it depart,
Or dissembles, and love departs rejected;
Like when brilliant light is suddenly reflected
Upon eyes accustomed to the night,
They recoil, close, turn from wholesome light.
So, seldom does love in a straight course flow,
But obliquely—the one you love does not love you.

It hath a method which one may know,
And cause its sweet currents to a dear one to flow.
An emotion once felt the soul tends to repeat,
And love between two a plain path will soon beat.
Concerning life's course it makes one wise.
To invade shy hearts it boldly tries.

Love at fifty is as young
As he was to sweet sixteen;
For from Deity has he sprung,
And never will grow old, I ween.
If late our bosoms have grown cold
So we no longer feel his dart,
It is ourselves who have grown old.
The rosy cherub still plies his art.

Love works an alchemy rare to behold,
For it turns the base and the common to gold.
It mingles the essence of two souls in one
Like waters of two fountains, shot through by
the sun.

It unites all soul powers like temper of bell,
So all voices in chorus harmonious swell.
It makes the soul also courageous and leal,
In this more resembling the temper of steel.
Heart strings with tingling joy are stirred,
As though gently down golden flakes were poured.

Like birds of Paradise which flit in the forest,
And songsters which sing to the lead of a chorist,
The loves of those who are dearest and best,
Flit, and sing of beauty, within a fond breast.

When lust is gained, and purity lost,
The low is obtained at the highest's cost.
Though, through abstinence, the pure is preserved,
One is richer than though the low were served.

The softness of down which the eider duck
From her own throbbing breast doth pluck
To couch her fledglings; and the caress
Of an evening zephyr; the press
Of a mother's kiss; the trembling light

In a maiden's eyes, bent on her beloved wight,
But shadow forth the tender deeps
Of Love, whose kindness never sleeps.

Love fills the soul with sweetness profuse,
Like the odors from Mary's alabaster cruse;
Or as a light in the soul doth arise
As the sun fills with glory the dome of the skies;
Or as a 'soft glory on the spirit doth shine
Akin to shechinah, the glory divine.

From the soul's deepest caverns love doth draw
Sweet vintage of spirit, far hidden below;
And as balm brings surcease to pain of the flesh,
Love doth heal soul ache, and the spirit refresh.

Western mountains at sunset, float in an ocean of
wine.
So love bears the soul in an essence divine.
Intellect, pride, will, such powers of the soul
Must be cushioned in love, if to wed be the goal.

Feelings arise from out our hearts
As mists from off the seas;
The former nourish other hearts,
As the latter do the grass and trees.

Love is the Roentgen ray,
Heaven is the screen;
What we love while here we stay,
In perfect beauty there is seen.

ROBERT HOOD REEVES

You possessed a breadth and tolerance
Big as the wideness of the west;
And a gentle charm which won my heart
Inhabited your breast.

Although your soul from your body is gone
My spirit refuses to be depressed;
But is upborne with a buoyant faith.
I cannot feel I am truly distressed.

Whenever it comes my time to go
Your christian virtues I would rather have
Than all there is in the world beside.
You were fit both to die and live.

You were simple, and so was Christ.
Your wealth was the love of human hearts.
All of your fortune you carried beyond.
Why should there be gloom when a Christian departs?

Did my spirit go a way with yours?
Exaltation and freedom I felt.
All your capacities for joy seemed stretched
Gently, to fit you to the realm wherein you dwelt.

Your spirit went with mine at the hour
We were wont to go to the house of prayer,
With a joyous hesitance between there and here.
Christian joys are the same both here and there.

AN INDIAN ART GALLERY

No Doric nor Ionic columns form its front,
Nor are its works in snowy marble wrought.
Columns, slabs, are granites, which eons bore the
weather's brunt,
And for lights the sun's diurnal rays are caught.

Figures, with obsidian, are pecked on the granite face:
A man shoots an arrow from a bow;
Concentric circles, men, animals have each a place;
Zig zag lines the trail to water sources show.

Here wrought some Praxiteles in germ.
Though his figures are conventional, each space and
dot
Include an aspiration, a psychic term.
The striving to express his soul endears the spot.

Nor may we lightly pass his crude pictures by.
In his untaught state may it not be
He took a larger step, in what he thus did try,
Than the Grecian Master in portraying a Bacchic spree?

VICARIOUS SACRIFICE

A Mexican teamster when he drives
Two beasts, or three, or four,
Picks out the one that hardest strives
And him beats, to make him pull the more.

The man who pays his honest debts
As usual business goes,
Must also pay the unpaid debts
Of the shiftless, else no credit balance shows.

Christ, the one who had no sin,
 Who strove with all his strength
 To bring us good, had laid on him
 The sins of all the world, at length.

How noble doth appear the one,
 Whether beast, or man, or man divine,
 Who knows the injustice, yet doth not shun
 The load, the debt, the cross, in fine!

A WOMAN

The big, raw west is a man's land.
 There are mines to be sunk, canals to be dug.
 Its rugged ways repel a woman, as the spiny hand
 Of each Ishmael plant forbids you to hug

It to you. Each such plant that it may
 Preserve its life, develops a rind
 Impervious to drought and the burning ray,
 And so prolongs and propagates its kind.

Men may take on the rough exterior.
 Unspoiled women are like flowers which appear
 (Not that they are in any sense inferior)
 Only in the rainy season, the oasis of the year.

* * * * *

She was born in New England, its culture knew,
 Sang like a bird, loved the old masters.
 To her "Jamie" she gave affection true,
 And they established a comfortable home; but disasters

Soon followed to their fortune by investment
 In western mines. Sadly she consented

To sell their home, and by such divestment
Go west, and mend their loss. Repented

She her sacrifice? Not actually. Her
Love like laws of Medes and Persians altered not
Once given. She followed her husband where
He chose, and with his cast in her lot.

They lost their remaining property. He
Accustomed grew and hardened to the change,
And sought the fabled pot of gold. She
Clung to her culture, and amid conditions strange

Sought to touch cabin, shack with the wand
Of a homemaker, and succeeded too
Measurably; but things most fond
To her, she missed. In time she grew

Like a wife who loves and learns to know
The man she loves is false, and takes
Refuge in invalidism, or behind a show
Of disbelief in his guilt—when her heart breaks

And pouring out its all cannot draw back,
But lives on, exotic; so she grew "queer,"
Those who knew her said; and in a shack
From which but cactus, rocks and cans from year

To year were seen, she confided
To another woman, "I have prayed to go
From where my body, not my soul resided."
That she went before her time, is it difficult to know?

HELEN

Your heart is like an empty house
Waiting for a tenant.
In haste I will move in, because
By doing so I'll own it.

EVOLUTION

I startled a sleeping cat.
Like a flash she leaped on fence,
Then shed, then barn, whereat,
Secure, she bent her glance
On me intently. Our eyes met
And I was discomfitted. "There shine,"
I said, "all a million years beget,
And an intelligence older far than mine."

JAZZ

Some one is always taking
The pleasure out of life
By nearly always making
Not for peace but strife.

I lately saw a photo play
Of gentle southern life;
Through tender scenes we heard the bray
Of jazz both loud and rife.

Sometimes it shows it's jazz that grates,
Or else some gossips meet;
Again a swain to windward sits
With a pair of stinking feet.

THE ADAMS NEIGHBORHOOD

Beauty is an ensemble, has a being, a birth
Truly in works of art; and that of Mother Earth
Yields in part to the rule. The flaming red
Or mellow gold of cactus flowers, the head
Of the Yucca adorned with a royal plume;
The granite walled dell—a Cyclops' room—
The trees, the shade, the steep sloped dome
Of mountain, which leads the eye from
The lesser to the exalted, all have a part
In forming, framing what delights the heart.

An artist dreams, then puts on cloth or stone
The being of his dream; but not alone
Do men thus erect memorials. Christ took
Familiar meat and drink, and with a look
To heaven, blessed them, and passing said:
“As oft as ye partake ye will have made
A memorial of me;” and in this way
Men show His sacrificial death till His coming day.

Beauty, like gold, is where you find it. Each form
Of beauty is compounded, has a charm
Peculiar to its elements. A neighborhood
I know where a quarter century has stood
A festival as a memorial. Neighbors meet
Yearly, view sports appropriate, and the sweet
Of sociability enjoy. It is common to men
To feel deeply, but less frequent when
With pains and toil, they reverently show
Their feeling, and visibly do make men know
They love and honor one; but here have sister,
 brother
Reared an institution, a memorial to MOTHER.

COMPENSATION

Her body was twisted by long borne pain;
Her face, though refined, would be called plain;
But her head was crowned with beautiful hair,
And in her bosom resided a spirit more fair.

DANCING

When Moses came down from the Mount of God,
Bearing the tables of the law,
With grief and anger he briefly stood
Transfixed by what he heard and saw.

The people danced around a calf.
"This be our God," they said,
(I do not wish to make you laugh)
And dancers of all ages led.

Such worship folly instead of truth
And so become depraved;
Glide in amorous hugs, forsooth,
And wot not they have misbehaved.

With dances grand they close the school,
Make up the preacher's pay.
Dames give dances who are so dull
They can entertain no other way.

On Good Friday Christ upon the cross
Six agonizing hours hung.
Decoration Day was planned by us
To honor the dead from whom we sprung.

Yet dancers dance upon these days,
(No sense of fitness them disturbs)
Though they were meant for prayer or praise—
That for folly they should furnish curbs.

I SEEK SOME POETRY EVERY DAY

I seek some poetry every day.
On one my portion I had not found
In Supreme Court in legal fray,
Nor in the city's busy round.

In streets the crowds had passed me by
Nor made my interest rise,
Till a little old woman, brown and shy,
Looked at me with appealing eyes.

Her face was neither rouged nor round,
But plain and deeply lined,
Though a rarer beauty than those I found
In that face so womanly and kind.

A youthful soul looked through her eyes,
The lines of love and duty spoke.
A thirst for high romance she could not disguise,
And in my soul its poesy awoke.

* * * * *

Up a city street came a Papago squaw,
Timidity, embarrassment writ in her face,
Who smiled her way comically on I saw,
As your dog, which, fearing you will make him retrace
His course, when he disobediently follows you,
Grins ingratiatingly, half slides along,
Tucks, then wags his tail, trying to do
What will atone for all he is doing wrong.

* * * * *

I took the day coach on a late train,
Most all the passengers were sprawling asleep.
A bald man sat up as I came in,
Who, a long lock of hair on one side did keep

To cover his bald spot the best he could.
 A breeze through the window blew. At that
 The man's long lock straight up stood
 Like a bird wing on a woman's hat.

* * * * *

What marvelous power unsuspectingly lies
 In a dreamy look in a maiden's eyes:
 Power to change her course and mine,
 If not for eternity, surely for time.

Mayhap she was seeing then
 A family, new, of women and men.

* * * * *

A Mexican boy, chubby and brown
 About four years of age,
 As I was crossing a street of the town
 Thus threw down his friendly gage:
 (1) "Quivo," he said. I "Quivo" replied,
 And he and his sisters chuckled with pride.

He knew me slightly.
 I had impressed
 Him that thus lightly
 I could be addressed.
 This simple faith of the little boy
 Brought to me a quiet joy.

* * * * *

A little maid with laughing eyes
 Was taking subscriptions to win a prize,
 A big doll. I subscribed, and we came *en rapport*.
 Said she, "Mr. Gibson, you're a good sport."

(1) Pronounced q-vô, and means "Hello" in Mexican.

SHORTY DABBS

Shorty Dabbs was on ox-bow knight,
(A bullwhacker in fact),
Who one day got into a fight
As the result of a resounding whack

Given him across the face
By Gooseneck Charley over cards.
The proprietor of the place
And another player served as guards.

The barkeep took Charley by his gooseneck
Hand over hand, just as do boys
Choosing up on a bat. To check
Shorty's advance as he deploys

Knife in hand, the other steps in.
"Let me at him," Shorty growled,
"And I'll work a button hole in him;"
But being prevented, he stood and scowled.

Shorty observed things quite a lot,
Though perhaps his work was not very thorough,
For he said: "Two things I have not
Seen, a white-headed Mexican and a dead burro."

THE BAND

When I was a little boy
At the sound of the big, bass drum
I would run a mile for the joy
Of standing and hearing the measured boom

Of the big drum, which, to me
Was nearly the whole of the band;
And if, while crowding as close as could be
The drummer with wide swing of hand

Me in the stomach struck
With his drum stick, I
Was highly complimented, felt luck
Was mine. You bet I didn't cry.

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